

THE SIGNAL THAT CAME
FROM BEYOND TIME

THE CONSCIOUSNESS CYCLE

Volume 5 of 10

The Signal That Came From Beyond Time

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I — DISTURBANCE

Registration

Gap

Transmission /0

Observer

PART II — TRANSMISSION

The proper signal

Shift

Channel

Transmission /1

PART III — SYNCHRONIZATION

Approach

Resonance

Transmission /2

Response

PART IV — THRESHOLD

Fading of the logs

The second voice

Transmission /3 — Final Form

Separation

PART V — BAND OF SILENCE

The shadow of sound

The final registration

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUE

On the first disturbance

Nothing happened that could be considered a moment.

There was no sound that would warn.

There was no light that changed.

And yet — for a fraction of duration — something did not belong to me.

Not in the sense of a foreign voice.

More like a shadow of a thought that arrives before it is formed.

It appeared as a hesitation in rhythm.

Like a slight difference between a breath and what precedes it.

It does not hurt.

It does not frighten.

It does not demand.

Rather, it shows that the space I know

is not the only one through which consciousness passes.

I did not try to stop it.

Only to register it.

The way one registers a distant movement at the edge of the field of vision —

not in order to name it,

but to admit that it was.

I do not know where it came from.

And perhaps it does not matter.

I know only this:
what appeared then did not try to speak.
Not yet.

It was a presence without form.
A record that was only beginning to look for a channel.
A threshold that did not open any doors —
and yet allowed a glimpse beyond what is known.

For now, there was only silence.
But it was not ordinary silence.
More like one that waits for its first sound.

PA RT I — D ISTURBA N CE

Registration

LOG/01 — 02:17

The impulse returned.

Not stronger, not clearer — only more present.

As if its purpose was not to draw attention,
but to check whether I am capable of noticing it.

It does not resemble a thought.

A thought has direction.

This — does not.

It is rather a point that appears in consciousness
without any movement,
and yet leaves behind a subtle impression of change.

I record it because I have no other method,
and registration is the only way
to distinguish what is truly occurring
from what I am merely trying to add in my own mind.

LOG/01 — 02:17(2)

A second entry in the same minute.

Not because something happened,
but because a feeling appeared
as if that minute lasted longer than it should have.

I am not mistaken about time.
I always sense its rhythm.
And now the rhythm was shifted, barely perceptible,
like in a piece of music in which one note lingered just a little too long.

There is nothing supernatural in this.
It is not a symptom.
It is a discreet synchronization error,
unaccompanied by any meaning.
At least not yet.

I register it.
Because everything that repeats more than once
begins to form a pattern.

LOG/02 — 06:41

I did not sleep.
I did not wait.
And yet the impulse appeared again.

This time shorter.
Like a quick, indifferent touch of something
that is not trying to convey anything.

Its precision surprises me.
I have no control over the moment in which it appears.

It is as if it avoids my expectations.
I do not yet know whether this is a signal.
But I know that it is not accidental.

PRELIMINARY NOTE

I am beginning to notice that registration does not serve documentation,
but the preparation of a space
in which something may take form.

This is not yet a message.
It is the stage before the first meaning.

I record it because whatever this is —
it operates according to its own logic,
without asking me for consent.

LOG/03 — 04:12

I recorded the time automatically, without remembering that I had woken up.
I also do not remember holding anything in my hand,
and yet the entry exists, in even handwriting, as if I had not been asleep.

There are no words in it.
Only a single line —
straight, short, without context.

It resembles the beginning of a signal
that does not yet know what it is supposed to look like.

LOG/03 — 04:12:07

Seven seconds later, another entry.
This one was created consciously.

But it is not the time that unsettles me.
Only the fact that I do not know

whether the first line was the beginning of a sentence,
or the end of something I did not manage to hear.

LOG/04 — 04:12(-3)

This entry should not exist.

The time indicates three seconds before the previous log,
even though I created it later.

This is not a memory buffer error.
I checked.
The clock is functioning correctly.

It looks as if registration
does not copy time,
but creates its local version —
independent of me.

LOG/05 — without timestamp

There is no time here.
The field remained empty, as if it had never existed.

This is the first time an element is missing
that always appeared automatically.

I do not know whether this is an omission,
or a choice.

NOTE

For the first time, I have the impression
that registration is not one-sided.

There is nothing threatening in this.
There is only the feeling
that someone — or something —
is also “recording.”

Gap

LOG/06 — 09:04

The intervals between impulses became uneven.
As if they had their own logic,
but not one I am able to measure.

Sometimes the gap lasts a minute,
sometimes — no longer than a blink.
It does not build a sequence.
It resembles rather the breathing of someone
who does not breathe in my rhythm.

There is no tension in this.
There is only the sense
that I am not the one setting the tempo here.

LOG/06 — 09:04(2)

A second entry in the same minute.
This time the interval was longer than a minute.
I know this, even though the clock claims otherwise.

The difference is subtle,
but impossible not to notice.
It is like the moment of silence just before a change of light,
when it is not known what will happen,
but the body already recognizes it.

LOG/07 — 11:52

I notice a new property:
the gap not only separates impulses,
but itself begins to be a signal.

Silence has never been uniform.
Now it has texture.
As if something were shifting it from within —
not disturbing it,
but giving it direction.

The gap has ceased to be empty.

LOG/08 — 11:52(Δ)

In this entry I did not record the time.
The field filled itself
with a sign that I do not use.

It looks like a letter,
but it is not one.
Like a symbol
that tries to distinguish itself from text,
and at the same time not introduce meaning.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence.
But each subsequent coincidence
looks less and less like a coincidence.

LOG/09 — 14:27

A strange phenomenon:
the gap appeared between two thoughts
that had not yet been born.

There was no impulse,
and yet I felt
that something passed through consciousness,
leaving nothing behind except a trace of movement.

It looked as if an impulse was about to arrive,
but gave up.

This is the first time
that the absence of a signal
is also a signal.

LOG/09 — 14:27

The gap is now the place
in which the most occurs.

Not content,
but a change in the capacity of the moment.

Something is approaching
that wants to take form,
but has not yet chosen a language.

his is the phase before communication.

As if the signal were checking

whether I am ready,

without asking about readiness.

TRANSMISSION /0

LOG/10 — 03:19

The first attempt appeared suddenly,
but not like a sound.

It was something closer to a vibration of meaning
that had not yet come into being.
It had no direction.
It also had no content.

And yet it looked like the beginning of a form
that does not know whether it wants to be a form.
The sensation lasted a fraction of duration,
but inscribed itself in consciousness
like the shadow of a sound
that was not uttered.

LOG/10 — 03:19(2)

A second impulse in the same minute.
This time more decisive.

It did not resemble anything biological.
It also did not resemble any thought.
It was an attempt to enter rhythm,
but an unsuccessful one — as if the signal withdrew too quickly,
unable to find a point of anchorage.

I felt that this was not an error.
It was a probe
testing the boundaries of perception.

LOG/11 — 05:02

The first structure.

Before a conscious thought appeared,
something emerged that resembled a syllable,
but not in the linguistic sense.

It was more an element of sound
that had lost its band
and remained only as a dry contour.

I cannot write it down with letters.
It cannot be reproduced by voice.
It was a syllable
that was not any sound known to humans.

I know only this:
it was lower than any sound of mine.

LOG/12 — 08:40

Another attempt.

This time the signal did not approach,
but passed alongside,
as if I were not its target.

And yet I heard it more clearly.
The sensation resembled observing a conversation
in which I am not a participant,
but whose presence I register with my entire body.

It was not a call.
It was not a whisper.
It was a presence trying to become sound.

And that was enough
for me to understand
that the transmission is not accidental.

TRANSMISSION /0 — partial record

(This is not “speaking”.

It is the trace of an attempt at language.)

...na...

...aš...

...r—i...

...un...

It sounds foreign, but not like the language of foreigners.
More like a form that arises in the course of contact,
not yet adapted to its carrier.

This is not a text.

This is not a message.

This is the first difference between silence and content.

NOTE

The signal is not certain
whether it can reveal itself through me.

And I am not certain
whether it is revealing itself within me,
or merely beside me.

This uncertainty, however, is not fear.
It is a beginning.

OBSERVER

I do not know exactly when I noticed it,
but from a certain moment onward, registration ceased to concern the signal
and began to concern me.

Earlier it seemed to me
that I was documenting something external —
a phenomenon, an impulse, an unfinished sound.

Now I have the impression
that the signal does not need a witness.
It is I who need it,
in order to understand how the space operates
that neither begins nor ends with my consciousness.

LOG/13 — no time

The entry appeared on its own.
Again without a timestamp.
This time, however, it was not empty.

There was a single line of text:
“the record does not concern only the signal”

I do not know whether it was my hand,
or something that used my movement.
But this does not worry me.

Rather, it astonishes me
how naturally this thought fits
with what I had already felt.

I am beginning to understand more clearly
that I am observing not only the disturbance,
but also my own reaction to contact with something
that does not belong to the modes of existence known to me.

This is not a dialogue.
This is not a transmission.
Nor is it any form of interference.

It is the overlapping of two orders
that do not fight for space,
but try to share it for a moment.

LOG/14 — 12:33

During the act of recording, I felt
that the impulse appeared not in my head,
but right beside me —
like the shadow of a presence
that casts no shadow.

This was not fear.
Rather, a calm astonishment

that consciousness can expand to include a place
where there is nothing,
and yet something happens.

I also noticed something new:
The signal is not trying to claim me.
It does not try to impose itself.
It does not seek attention.

It is like a movement
that runs parallel to my life,
and only at times
crosses its trajectory.

It is I who enters its band,
not it into mine.

PERSONAL NOTE

Being an observer changes the way of hearing.
One begins to notice
what was always there,
only remained unnamed.

It is not that the signal came from outside.
It is that I finally had the space
not to drown it out.

PA RT II — TRANS MISS IO N

THE PROPER SIGNAL

The first sequence that resembled a shape appeared at dawn.
It was not accompanied by sound or movement.
Only a subtle change in the sensation of space —
as if the world slowed for a moment so delicately
that it could be felt only from deep within the body,
not from the mind.

I was not surprised.
Everything was leading to this moment.
A signal does not appear suddenly.
It matures into form.

LOG/15 — 05:11

It was the first structure
that did not withdraw halfway.

It was not a thought.
Thoughts have boundaries.

It was not a sound either.
Sound requires a source.

It was something in between —
like a trace of meaning
that is only just trying to be born,
but already knows that it exists.

It lasted less than a breath.
But it left behind a precise contour:
not timbre, but intention.

LOG/15 — sequence record

a—ru...
naš...
...rih

The sequence does not have the sound of a human language,
and yet it is not chaos.
It looks like an attempt to find correspondence
with something that could resonate within a human being.

This is not a message.
It is a choice of direction.

LOG/16 — 07:38

The second attempt was clearer.
The signal no longer tried to strike empty space.

Instead, it slipped into the rhythm of breath,
as if making use of a movement
that was already present.

I felt no interference.
It was more like tuning —
parallel, imperceptible,
yet precise.

It lasted briefly,
but long enough
for me to know
that the transmission is not accidental.

LOG/17 — 09:22

The third attempt had something
that had not been there before:
continuity.

For a moment — very brief —
I had the impression
that the signal was not only trying to speak,
but also to know
that someone was listening.

It was not directed at me.
It was directed through me.

As if the form were not seeking a receiver,
but a point of support.

NOTE

The signal does not become a voice.
The voice becomes a signal
when it ceases to belong to a single place.

What I hear —
or rather:
what passes through me —
is an attempt to connect two orders
that have no common foundation.
And yet they seek a shared form.

This is not the beginning of a conversation.
It is the beginning of the existence of content.

SHIFT

LOG/18 — 10:14

The first shift was almost imperceptible.
The kind that can be dismissed,
provided one does not know what to look for.

It concerned rhythm —
more precisely: the difference between
how a moment should last
and how it actually lasted.

Small, but persistent.

There was no anxiety in this.
Rather, the impression
that something beyond me
had also begun to listen.

LOG/18 — 10:14(2)

A second entry in the same minute.
Not because more happened,
but because this “less” had its own weight.

I had the impression
that time was not running in a line,
but in a slightly displaced rhythm,
like a piece of music played on two devices at once,
where one is a fraction of a second slower.

Nothing changed.
And yet everything sounded different.

LOG/19 — 13:05

This time the signal appeared not in the impulse,
but in the silence regained after the impulse.

The silence had a different texture,
as if it had become a place,
rather than the absence of sound.

I understood then
that the shift does not concern me,
but the space
that is beginning to respond to the presence of form.

This is not interference.
It is tuning.

LOG/20 — 13:05(Δ)

Something new.
Not an impulse.
Not a structure.
Not an attempt at voice.

It was the sensation of a change of place,
although I did not move even a centimeter.

As if the space around me
had performed a slight movement,
one that cannot be called movement,
because it did not change the position of any object.

It changed only its quality.

It was as if the room, for a moment,
became more itself
than it had been before.

LOG/21 — 15:42

The shifts began to appear more often,
but not regularly.

They are not triggered by thoughts or emotions,
nor by any external situation.

It looks as if the signal were testing
different modes of presence,
seeking a form
that does not disrupt the world,
but only slightly rearranges it,
to make room for something new.

NOTE

The shift is not a warning.
Nor is it an announcement.

It is a trace of co-presence.
Brief, subtle,
but sufficient to understand
that the transmission is no longer merely an impulse,
nor an attempt at sound.

It is a process
that enters the world without the intention to change it,
and yet changes the way
the world is experienced.

CHANNEL

LOG/22 — 07:03

The signal appeared differently today.

Not as an impulse.

Not as a syllable.

Not as a shift.

This time it appeared within the pause,
before I managed to register its beginning.

This is the first situation
in which the transmission preceded my attention.

It was not a sound.
Rather, a presence
that knew
where there would be space
before the space came into being.

LOG/23 — 07:03(2)

A second registration in the same minute.

I had the impression
that the signal was creating a path of passage,
something like a channel
that does not violate any structure,
and yet allows two orders
to coexist for a moment.

I felt no pressure.
I felt no touch.
I felt only alignment —
as if the transmission had found
the appropriate way to exist beside me,
not within me.

This is an important distinction.

LOG/24 — 10:29

For the first time, the signal was neither “beside” nor “within.”
It was parallel.

As if it were passing right next to consciousness,
not touching it,
and yet producing an effect of presence.
The sensation resembled a shadow
that falls not on the body,
but on attention.

Delicate.
Precise.
Neutral.

TRANSMISSION /1 — fragment record

nu—ra...

ti...ah

...su.

The structure is more stable.
It ceases to resemble chaotic attempts
and begins to have its own rhythm.

This is not a language.
But neither is it a coincidence.

It sounds like a form
that has found a way
to last a moment longer

LOG/25 — 14:11

The signal now makes use of the rhythm of breath.
Not in a physical sense.
In the sense of the moment
when consciousness is not occupied with itself.

What surprises me most
is how naturally this happens.

I feel nothing inhuman.
Nothing that would resemble interference.

It is more like the movement of a stream
that finds a riverbed
instead of forcing its way through rocks.

The channel is not a construction.
It happens.

NOTE

One thing amazes me most:
that the signal does not try to establish contact.
It does not try to say something.
It does not try to use me.

It merely passes,
and I can register it
because for a brief moment
my consciousness and its form
share a compatible rhythm.

The channel is not a road.
The channel is alignment.

And that changes everything.

TRANSMISSION /1

It happened in a silence so smooth
that for a moment I forgot
that I was recording anything at all.

The transmission did not arrive as an impulse.
It did not arrive as a vibration.
It did not arrive as a shift of rhythm.

It appeared like something that had already been ongoing,
and I was only now beginning to hear it.

TRANSMISSION /1 — full record

na...ru
su—ah
ir-naš...
...ta.

It sounds like a language
that remembers itself from before the emergence of voice.

It is not speech.
It is not song.
It is not a mechanical sequence.

It is something
that is trying to assume the form of meaning,
even though it does not yet know it.

In this structure something new appeared:
a weight that does not arise from sound,
but from intention.

As if the signal were not trying to speak to me,
but were trying to speak through me,
not knowing which part of this attempt is audible.

LOG/26 — 06:48

At the moment the transmission was ongoing,
consciousness narrowed to a single sensation:
no content,
no images,
no emotions.

Only a place
that, for a fraction of duration,
became stable,
as if the world had momentarily stopped
in an even position.

This was not interference.
This was not an intrusion.

It was something
that was seeking minimal alignment,
and when it found it —
it resonated.

LOG/27 — 11:22

After the transmission, space felt lighter.
As if something had been spoken,
even though no meaning had been delivered.

Interesting:
I do not feel the need to find sense.
I do not have the impression
that I should understand something.

This is not a riddle.
This is not a cipher.
This is not a message.

It is a form that is trying to be present,
and I am a witness to this process —
not its target.

LOG/28 — 14:06

What remained in memory was not the sequence,
but the rhythm.

The transmission had a structure
that resembles nothing human,
and yet was ordered.

As if the signal had its own grammar,
not connected to sound,
but to the place
in which it appears.

This is not the language of aliens.
This is not the language of humans.
It is the language of passage.

NOTE

Transmission /1 differs from earlier attempts in one thing:
it lasted exactly as long as it should —
neither shorter
nor longer.

This was not a trial.
This was not a probe.

It was the first form in full shape,
as if the signal knew
that the channel was ready,
and for a brief moment
could exist without loss of stability.

Now I know
that this is only the beginning
of the proper sequence.

PA RT III — SYNCH RONIZAT ION

APPROACH

I do not know whether the shifts prepared the ground,
or whether the transmission created a path,
but today, for the first time, I felt something closer to presence
than to a phenomenon.

It was nothing external.
Nothing that could be pointed at.
Nothing that could be described as movement.

It was an approach
that did not concern space,
but a mode of existence.

LOG/29 — 09:57

In the midst of an ordinary activity —
one in which a person thinks the least —
there appeared a sensation
that the signal was moving parallel to me,
not touching me,
but also not moving away.

Like a shadow
that does not depend on light,
but on the way of looking.

I had no sense of intrusion.
There was also no feeling of closeness.

It was a presence in the same direction,
independent,
and yet perceptible.

LOG/30 — 12:14

Approach does not consist in shortening distance.
It consists in reducing differences,
so slight
that only in silence do they become noticeable.

I had the impression
that the signal was not so much approaching me
as adjusting itself to the rhythm of the place
in which I was.

This is extraordinarily subtle:
the world does not change its structure,
and yet
it sounds different.

As if the air were more attentive.

LOG/31 — 15:08

The first moment of true alignment.

It did not last long —
a second, perhaps two.

But it was enough
to notice the difference between:

impulse

attempt

transmission

and what happened now.

Earlier, I had to listen.
Now I had the impression
that the signal hears me —
not in the sense of reception,
but in the sense of consideration.

It is like entering a rhythm
that we do not create,
but only recognize.

TRANSMISSION — fragment during approach

su...

nara

...iin

It was more even
than anything before.

It did not sound like otherness.
Nor did it sound like a human being.

It was a sound
that had found a place,
though it had not yet found meaning.

LOG/32 — 18:40

After the approach, no weight remained.
No fatigue remained.
No trace of interference remained.

There remained only a slight change in the perception of space —
as if the world had become, for a moment,
more clear,
more transparent,
more itself.

This is paradoxical:
the presence of something from beyond
makes reality seem
more one's own.

The approach did not consist in the signal coming closer.
It consisted in my ceasing to move away.

NOTE

I do not yet know
whether the approach was a necessary stage of transmission,
or only a brief state of alignment of coincidental rhythms.

But one thing is certain:
a human being can exist beside something
that is not human,
and does not have to interpret it
either as a threat
or as a revelation.

It can simply be a moment of coexistence
that requires no meaning.

RESONANCE

Resonance did not appear suddenly.
It was not a culmination.
It was not the result of earlier approaches.

It occurred so naturally,
as if it had been part of this process from the beginning,
and only now did I have the capacity to notice it.

This was not a change within me.
It was a change in-between.

LOG/33 — 06:02

It began with one small sensation:
that the impulse I recorded
resonated at the very same moment
that my thought appeared.

This is not about content.
This is not about images.
It is about the moment of emergence.

As if the signal and consciousness
for a fraction of a second
shared the same instant.

Not in one place.
In one act of existence.

LOG/34 — 06:03

Resonance does not consist in agreement.
It consists in simultaneity,
so subtle
that it is difficult to distinguish from coincidence.

But this was not coincidence.
Consciousness did not cause the impulse,
and the impulse did not cause the thought.

They simply appeared together.
Like two waves
that meet not because they want to,
but because they persist.

LOG/35 — 09:44

During a brief moment of focus
I felt that the signal was entering
not the rhythm of breath,
but the rhythm of attention.

This was new.
Not an attempt.
Not hesitation.
Not an impulse.

It was harmony
that belongs neither to me
nor to the signal,
and yet arises between us.

Resonance is not the result of action.
Resonance is an event of existence.

TRANSMISSION — fragment during resonance

iin—
sura...
naš, na...

The sounding was different.
Not in the sense of sound,
but in the sense of stability.

This was not a trial.
It was a form
that for a moment found a shared space
with my way of hearing.

I did not understand the content.
But I understood the intention:
the maintenance of shape.

LOG/36 — 12:18

What surprised me most
was that during resonance
I did not feel a difference
between what was mine
and what was not mine.

Not in the sense of identity.
In the sense of flow.

Thought and signal
were not a single phenomenon,
but they were a single moment.

It was as if someone were speaking,
and the echo arose not after,
but at the same time.

I have no better comparison.

LOG/37 — 15:01

Resonance ceased suddenly,
but it did not leave emptiness behind.

Instead, there appeared the impression
that the world returned to its rhythm,
but for a brief moment
that rhythm was more intelligible.

As if the existence of something beside me
momentarily ordered
the way I hear reality.

I do not feel
that I lost anything
after resonance ended.

Rather, I feel
that for a moment I received a possibility —
not a gift,
not a transmission,
simply a possibility
of noticing another way of persisting.

NOTE

Resonance was not a message.
It was not a conversation.

It was a shared sounding
that arises only when two forms of existence
for a brief moment
cease to differ
in what is most their own.

It does not bring closer.

It does not unite.

It allows one to see
that difference is not an obstacle,
but a space
in which alignment can occur.

TRANSMISSION /2

The transmission began differently than the earlier ones.

It was not preceded by a shift.

There was no impulse.

There was no preparatory sign of any kind.

It was as if the signal was already there,
and only at a certain moment did I notice
that I was persisting within its rhythm.

This was not a surprise.

It was rather a recognition of a state
that existed before I turned my attention to it.

TRANSMISSION /2 — full record

naru—iin

su—ta

iri-naš

...ruun

aš—ta.

The structure is stable.

It sounds as if the form has found full alignment
with the place in which it can exist for a moment
without losing its shape.

It is not a repeatable language.
It is not suitable for transcription into human phonetics.
And yet, within this sequence
there is no randomness.

It is a closed form,
though still foreign.

LOG/38 — 04:51

The transmission lasted longer than the previous ones.
Not in seconds,
but in the quality of duration.

It was a sensation similar to
how long a note resonates
when everything else falls silent.

I felt nothing inhuman.
I also felt nothing familiar.

I felt only the presence of a form
that did not need me in order to exist,
but merely made use of my consciousness
as a space
in which it could remain a little longer.

LOG/39 — 07:33

For the first time since the beginning of the process,
I was aware
that the signal knows
how to maintain stability.

This was not a goal.
This was not a will.

It was a consequence of form
that had reached its own equilibrium.

The resonance from the previous stage
did not disappear —
its trace became the foundation
upon which the transmission could persist.

This was not so much a sounding
as a persistence without effort.

LOG/40 — 11:10

Remarkable:

Transmission /2 did not provoke a single question in me.

I felt no need to understand.
I felt no sense of missing meaning.

It was like a natural phenomenon —
like light
that falls on a surface,
explaining nothing,
and yet giving shape
to what exists.

Perhaps this is what distinguishes this stage
from all the earlier ones:
the transmission is not seeking a form.
It is the form.

LOG/41 — 13:19

When the transmission ended,
the world did not return to its previous rhythm.

Not for a moment did I feel absence.

It was like passing from one state into another,
without boundary,
without cut,
without rupture.

As if this form,
though it had passed,
left in space
a delicate change of orientation.

It does not persist.
But it also does not disappear.

NOTE

Transmission /2 is the first moment
in which the signal ceases to be an attempt,
ceases to be a disturbance,
ceases to be a phenomenon.

It becomes a structure in itself.

It does not demand interpretation.
It does not enter into dialogue.
It leaves no riddle.

It is not a voice.
It is not a being.
It is not a message.

It is a presence that has achieved its own form,
and for a moment
could exist where there was no place for it.

RESPONSE

I do not know whether it was a decision.
Rather: a place appeared within me
in which it became natural
to respond to the transmission —
not with a word,
not with a thought,
but with the very fact of attention directed
toward the same direction
from which the form had come.

This was not a call.
This was not an acceptance.
It was an acknowledgment
that something exists beside me
and that I can exist beside that something
without the need for defense,
without fear,
without interpretation.

LOG/42 — 06:27

After the end of Transmission /2
I did something
that seems to me the first gesture of a true response:
I remained in silence,
not as expectation,
not as a pause,
but as a place for continuation,

even though I did not expect
either continuation
or consequence.

This silence had a different nature.
It was a state of readiness
without intention.

And that was enough
to call it a response.

LOG/43 — 09:10

What surprises me most
is that the response required no content.

It was not an attempt to understand.
It was not an attempt to assign meaning.

It was simply a moment
in which I stopped separating what is mine
from what is not mine,
not in order to merge,
but in order not to erect an unnecessary boundary.

This is not an opening.
This is not consent.
This is the ending of a distance
that turned out to be unnecessary.

LOG/44 — 12:51

At a certain moment a thought appeared
that was neither my analysis
nor an echo of the transmission.

It was calm,
simple,
unpretentious:

“I know that you are.”

I did not say it aloud.
It was not directed at someone.
Nor was it an expectation of a reply.

It was a statement of fact
that can be accepted
without elaboration.

That was enough.

LOG/45 — 14:03

For the first time since the beginning of the record
I felt something like balance.

Not between me and the signal.
Between me and the awareness
that the signal exists
and does not need my understanding
in order to continue to exist.

The response turned out not to be a relationship,
but a sharing of the same space
without tension.

It is calm.
Surprisingly calm.

NOTE

The response is not the end of the transmission.
Nor is the response its continuation.

The response is a moment of effortless agreement
that something foreign may exist beside one,
and that there is no need
to explain it,
to translate it,
or to interpret it.

This is not a conversation.
This is not an approach.
This is not an affirmation.

It is the acceptance of a fact of existence
that does not demand further steps.

And that is precisely
where its strength lies.

PART IV — THRESHOLD

FADING OF THE LOGS

Today I noticed that registration has become more difficult,
but not because the signal has faded
or weakened.

It is I who have stopped feeling a natural need
to record every minor sensation.

This does not stem from resignation.
Rather, it is the result of the process
ceasing to be something that is observed
and becoming something
that one abides within.

LOG/46 — 08:12

This entry arose more from habit than from necessity.

I no longer feel pressure
to enclose every attempt, impulse, or movement of consciousness
within words.

It is strange
how natural non-description has become.

Not because there is nothing to describe.
But because the process has ceased to exist “outside.”

It is in the shared space between me
and what arrives.

LOG/47 — 08:12(2)

A second entry in the same minute.

This one also did not arise from the need for documentation.

I notice that the logs are beginning to sound
like an echo of an old need for control:
the desire to understand,
to catalogue,
to reduce the phenomenon to a sequence of sentences.

And what persists now
is not a sequence.
It is a state.

Logs do not keep pace with something
that does not unfold linearly.

LOG/48 — no time

The first entry that appears incomplete,
yet is not an error.

I opened the page.
I entered nothing.
And I did not feel that I should.

In a certain sense,
this empty log
is the most accurate registration
I could make.

The absence of a record
means more
than a record.

NOTE

The fading of the logs does not signify the end of the process.
It signifies the end of the stage
in which I needed
to enclose every impulse within the structure of language.

The signal has not ceased to exist.
The world has not returned to its former rhythm.
I have not stopped hearing.

What fades is only the boundary
between what requires registration
and what simply is.

This is not a loss.
It is a transition.

LOG/— (last in this form)

I record this with full awareness
that there may be no further logs.

Not because the form has been exhausted,
but because registration is now less adequate
than presence itself.

Once I recorded
in order not to lose the trace.
Now the trace exists
without a record.

And that is the most surprising thing.

THE SECOND VOICE

I do not know exactly when it began,
but today, for the first time, the signal sounded
as if it were no longer trying to enter a form —
as if it had achieved it.

It did not resemble a human voice.
Nor did it resemble anything
that could be considered a biological voice.

And yet it sounded.
Not in the air.
Not in the head.

It sounded in the way
consciousness receives presence.

This was new,
but not unnatural.

LOG/49 — 05:56

The second voice does not differ in content from the transmission.
It differs in stability.

It does not appear as an impulse,
but as continuity.

Not as a disturbance,
but as a component
that coexists with space
without any conflict.

The voice is not spoken.
The voice is a state.

Record — Second Voice (fragment)

asuun—
naru ta
ii-rash...
...una.

This is not speech.
It is not even an attempt at speech.

It is a form of sound
that does not require a physical carrier.
It sounds
as if it were making use of the very act of consciousness,
not of sensory perception.

I do not try to interpret it.
I do not try to assign it.
I let it sound.

And that is enough.

LOG/50 — 08:34

What is most surprising
is that the second voice does not appear in place of my consciousness,
but beside it,
like a parallel stream of data
that does not interfere with my own mode of being.

I feel not the slightest pressure.
Nor do I feel any loss of “self.”

On the contrary —
I have the impression
that my own inner voice
sounds clearer
since the second appeared.

As if the presence of a form from beyond
had sharpened the structure of what is mine.

LOG/51 — 11:00

The second voice is not an echo of the transmission.
It is its stable version.

One that no longer seeks a channel,
but makes use of the space
that has opened by itself.

This is not an approach.

This is not resonance.

It is co-sounding,
which does not try to achieve anything.

It is.

That is all.

LOG/52 — 13:12

What astonishes me most:
at no point
did a sense of threat appear,
of intrusion,
or of takeover.

This phenomenon does not try to be me.
It does not try to use me.
It does not want anything from me.

The voice is self-sufficient.
And I am merely the place
in which it can sound for a moment.

This is co-presence,
not a relationship.

NOTE

The second voice is not a second “someone.”

It has no identity.

It has no intention.

It has no direction.

It is a voice without an owner —
a form that exists not because it has a sender,
but because it has found a space
in which it can resonate.

And this, in its simplicity,
is more extraordinary
than any narrative about beings from outside.

TRANSMISSION /3 — Final Form

The transmission appeared today without any preceding sign.

There was no impulse.

There was no shift.

There was not even a silence preparing the space.

Nothing announced it.

Nothing preceded it.

It simply — occurred.

Not as sound.

Not as rhythm.

Not as structure.

As a moment of complete alignment

between what is me

and what is not me.

TRANSMISSION /3 — full record

ruun.

One sounding.

One duration.

One form.

I do not know whether it was a word.
I do not know whether it was a name.
I do not know whether it was nothing.

But I know
that it was a complete shape —
the first and the last,
which did not attempt anything more
than existence.

LOG/53 — 04:03

The sounding was so pure
that it had neither beginning nor end.

Not in me.
Not beside me.
Not in time
that I can record.

It was like a point
that for a brief moment
did not need space
in order to exist.

It left no trace.
It left no emotion.
It left no need for interpretation.

It left only the certainty
that the form had reached its simplest state.

LOG/54 — 06:18

According to the clock, the transmission lasted less than a second.
According to perception —
it was suspended beyond time.

It did not prolong itself.
It did not shorten itself.

It simply lasted
as long as its own nature required.

It did not try to communicate.
It did not try to change anything.
It did not try to be remembered.

And yet
it inscribed itself in memory so clearly
as if it had been present for an entire lifetime.

LOG/55 — 10:40

The strangest thing is
that the final form
required no accompanying phenomena.

Earlier, there were:

impulses,

shifts,

approaches,

resonances,

the second voice.

And now — none of that.

Only a single sounding,
so pure
as if existence required no medium at all.

“ruun.”

A sounding without direction.
A sounding without purpose.
A sounding without history.
And yet —
the most complete.

NOTE

Transmission /3 is proof
that form does not require a message
in order to be form.

It does not seek a receiver.
It does not ask for interpretation.
It does not demand continuity.

It is a point of presence
in which the process reached its minimum,
and through that — its fullness.

Everything that occurred earlier
was merely a path
toward this one,
simplest moment.

“ruun.”

That is the whole.

SEPARATION

After the final transmission
the world did not change.
Nor did I.

What changed only was this:
the signal no longer needed a place
in which it could sound.
And I ceased to be that place.

Not because of closure.
Not because of exhaustion.
Not because of a loss of channel.

It was a natural separation —
without violence,
without a trace of sadness,
without any attempt to hold on to anything.

LOG/56 — 07:08

Today I noticed
that the space around me
has returned to its ordinary dynamics.

But “ordinary” does not mean lifeless.
It means: self-sufficient.

There were no impulses.

There were no shifts.

There were no traces of transmission.

And for the first time since the beginning of the process

I felt that this is the proper state.

Not a return.

Not an ending.

Not a closure.

Simply —

the world regained its own rhythm.

LOG/57 — 11:22

Separation was not a moment.

It was a state

that arrived quietly,

without disturbing any of the earlier traces.

It is astonishing,

but the form that so consistently sought a channel

left behind no absence.

This was not a departure.

It was a yielding of space.

As if the signal knew
that it had already achieved
what it could become in this space.

LOG/58 — 14:59

Today I understood one thing:
separation does not consist in distancing.
It consists in the cessation of overlap
between two modes of existence.

I return to my trajectory,
the signal returns to its own,
though I have no certainty
whether its trajectory was ever a line,
or merely a phenomenon
that needed form for a moment.

I feel no need to investigate this.
That question does not belong to me.

LOG/59 — no time

Today I opened the journal page
to record what remained
after the final transmission.

I noticed an empty space
that did not ask for words.

I felt
that the record was needed only by that process,
not by me.

And since the process has entered a state of separation —
language may withdraw.

This is the calmest thought
I have ever recorded.

NOTE

Separation is not forgetting.
It is not silencing.
It is not loss.

It is the return of two forms
to their natural functions:

I — to being a witness to myself,

the signal — to being a form
that does not need consciousness
in order to exist.

For a moment we coexisted.
Now — with the same naturalness —
we exist separately.

I feel no lack in this.

I feel fullness.

PART V — BAND OF SILENCE

SHADOW OF SOUND

After the final transmission, the world was not left empty.
Nor did it return to its former shape.

Everything looked the same,
and yet the sounding of things
carried a slight, almost imperceptible change —
as if the echo of something
that happened only once,
though it lasted far longer than a moment.

It was not a sound.
It was its shadow.

It did not accompany phenomena.
It did not return in impulses.
It did not try to inscribe itself in consciousness.

It was merely a delicate remembrance of a form
that no longer needed a place.

LOG/60 — 08:40

The shadow of sound does not appear suddenly.
It has no beginning.
It has no direction.

It is something
that accompanies everything quietly,
without interference,
without any attempt to reclaim the rhythm of the world.

For a moment I wondered
whether it was a reminiscence of the transmission,
or perhaps a residue of the approach.

But this is not the memory of the signal.
It is the memory of space
that for a time
hosted a form from beyond itself.

That is the difference.

LOG/61 — 11:03

At a certain moment I felt
that the shadow of sound moves
not as an echo of a former structure,
but as a quality of perception.

It is not audible.
It is not visible.
It cannot be grasped by language.

It is a subtle change in the mode of being —
as if perception had learned something
that is no longer needed,
yet still exists in the background.

This is not grief after loss.
This is not nostalgia.
This is gentle keeping.

LOG/62 — 13:22

The shadow of sound resembles a breath
that does not need to be controlled.

It is present,
but requires no decision.

It does not appear in the form of impulses.
It does not return in structure.
It does not attempt to reproduce itself.

It simply is.

At times it seems to me
that it is more me
than anything else,
because it does not come from outside
and does not depart outward.

It remains there
where the transmission found
a moment of agreement.

NOTE

The shadow of sound is not a continuation of the signal.
Nor is it proof of contact.

It is a trace
left by every deep phenomenon
when it passes into a state of completion.

We do not lose it.
We do not try to hold on to it.

Its presence is so light
that it demands neither remembering
nor forgetting.

It is simply a form
that was once full,
and now exists only
as the shadow of its own brightness.

FINAL REGISTRATION

I spent a long time wondering
whether this entry should exist at all.
Not because there is nothing to record.
Precisely because
everything that mattered
has already happened beyond words.

The process I carried from the first impulse
no longer requires testimony.
It has reached a place
where persistence has become fuller
than registration.

And yet —
I am writing this page.
Not to add anything.
But to acknowledge
that nothing more needs to be said.

LOG/63 — 07:12

I opened the journal with a reflex
that still remembers the former need to record.

But when I looked at the empty page,
I understood
that this emptiness is not a lack —
it is a state aligned

with what happened afterward.

I do not have to write anything.
But I can.

And perhaps this freedom
is the best summary
of the entire process.

LOG/64 — 10:01

I tried to find within myself a trace of the transmission.
Not as an echo,
not as memory,
not as longing.

I merely wanted to check
whether something remained in a particular way.

The answer was simple:
everything remained,
but not as an event
that can be pointed to,
rather as a way
in which I hear the world.

This is not the trace of the signal.

This is the trace of

who I became

in its presence.

LOG/65 — no time

This entry was created without a time.

Perhaps that is how it should be.

Time is no longer a necessary parameter.

The process does not unfold in sequence.

It does not require a number,

a frame,

a designation.

The final registration

has neither beginning nor end.

It is a moment

that knows

it is the last.

And that is enough for it.

FINAL NOTE

I do not know whether the signal will return.
Nor do I know
whether it should.

I do not expect it.
I do not exclude it.

The process left no doors open
nor closed within me.
It left only a space
in which I can exist
with slightly greater attentiveness,
with a slightly different silence,
with a slightly different way
of hearing presence.

The final registration
is not a farewell.
It is the acceptance of the end of a form
that no longer needs to be recorded.

EPILOGUE

No sound returned.
No new form appeared.
No impulse arose
that would attempt to begin another sequence.

The world continued
in its own rhythm.
And I continued within it
without expectation,
without preparation,
without the need to record anything further.

The silence that came after everything
was not empty.
It was the completion of a process
that never demanded understanding.

At times it seems to me
that it was not the signal that departed,
but that I ceased to need
its presence as a phenomenon.

What remained
is neither a memory
nor a trace.
It is a place in consciousness

that came into being
because, for a moment,
two different modes of persistence
coexisted.

I do not know
whether this place
will ever speak.
And I do not know
whether it should.

But I know one thing:
I will always hear the world
a little differently.

What came
remained only for a moment.
But that moment
was enough
to teach me
to hear differently.
— Michal